

THE NEWBERRY PRESS
OF SIXTY YEARS AGO

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reader, I learned to love her even more than I loved the Sunday school lessons, but I did not tell her so, and I doubt if she ever suspected my devotion or the cause of my regular attendance on Sunday school. Several years later she married Dr. W. M. Grier, one of the best men I ever knew. She and her husband are now in their home beyond the stars.

I don't know if the "kiss candy" of today, as it did in 1856 includes sentimental verses, which young folk of either sex may give to the other as expression of esteem, which expression of esteem they may have been too modest to speak, but away back in the fifties of the last century, such things were in existence. A young lady of the A. R. P. congregation in Newberry on one occasion gave me a verse which read something like this:

"I'll watch thy youth, I'll watch thy age,

"Till thou art called from this earthly stage."

These are simple lines, but in my loneliness and my yearning for affection, as well as my susceptibility to kindness, is such that the remembrance of these lines is as fresh today as they were on the day the verse was handed to me. I presume, however, that the young lady who was responsible for this act has long since ceased her vigil.

In 1856, I joined the lodge of the Sons of Temperance in Newberry, at which meetings I had much pleasure. I remember a regular attendant, Mr. John R. Leavell, who had a handsome son named Robert. Robert was a handsome and lovable boy, and the most expert stone-cutter that I ever knew. Robert Leavell, I believe, still lives and is now a good citizen of Newberry. Judge O'Neill was a member of the lodge at that time, and frequently attended its meetings. His absence was always noted and regretted. He was looked upon with the same reverence and respect as was Col. J. R. Leavell.

Robert Land, druggist, was one of the noble young men of Newberry during the fifties. He survives and is now a highly respected citizen of Augusta, Ga. Like myself, in one particular at least, he is now far advanced in life.

Billy Blatz was a handy boy about



RESIDENCE OF J. B. DERR AT LITTLE MOUNTAIN.

the Rising Sun office in 1856. He often helped me in the office at night. One night he worked until the small hours for twenty-five cents. He paid twenty cents for his lunch. Dr. Land has known him in later years and on recent occasions pronounced Billy Blatz an honest man of the best type.

Joe Brazilton, as handsome and as good a young man as anyone could wish to see, was foreman of the office when I went to Newberry. He had tuberculosis and soon was compelled to give up the situation. He died in the summer of 1856.

During that year, 1856, printers were paid by the piece for setting type. The ruling price was thirty-seven and a half (37½) cents per thousand ems. I never made as much any year at the printer's trade as I did the year that I was in the Rising Sun office. At the close of the year I received a note on Dr. Thompson for one hundred and fifty (\$150) dollars and cash for the remainder. Dr. Thompson was a big man in the A. R. P. church.

Mrs. James M. Crosson was a whole-souled, big-hearted woman with the noblest impulses. One day in the early history of the G. and C. work, and before the trestle was filled up with dirt between her home and the depot, the trestle was found on fire. With a noble impulse she ran toward the fire

with a bucket of water. She fell on the way, when the water fell all over her. When the workers saw the circumstances some of them laughed. She was disgusted and went back home.

William F. Nance was a notable character and one of the handsomest men in Newberry in 1856. He was a son of Drayton Nance of Laurens and a kinsman of Capt. F. W. R. Nance of Abbeville, who has held public office for fifteen or twenty years. Billy Nance married Miss Sarah Calmes of Newberry. When the war broke out he entered the military service on Gen. Ripley's staff. After returning from the war with distinction, he soon died. I think he was at one time before the war identified with The Herald.

Putting It Up to Father.

After several unsuccessful attempts to draw her husband into conversation at the restaurant the wife discovered the cause of his abstraction to be a beautiful girl dressed in black and seated at a nearby table.

"An attractive widow," observed the wife, coolly.

"Yes, indeed, a very attractive widow" agreed the husband enthusiastically.

"Yes," sighed the wife, "I wish I were one."—Ladies Home Journal.

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